Ann Hancock

THE EMERALD.

...SEMPER REFULGET.....

No. 1.

Boston, Saturday, May 3, 1806.

For the Emerald.

THE WANDERER,

No. XXVI.

No pride is more ridiculous than the pride of wealth; because it consists of supposed superiority and adventitious respect. Arising from no real merit, riches are acquired without forethought, and "*lost without deserving.*" Cunning, selfishness and servility, as they originate in the worst passions of mankind, are disgraceful to him who practises them; and yet wealth is most generally obtained by the *frauds* of cunning, the *privations* of selfishness and the *meanness* of servility. But separate, from the means by which bad men are enriched, good men, from the mere acquisition of wealth, have no peculiar deference to claim. If a generous man disposes of his superfluity among the necessitous, he merely does his duty, and should receive a reward, proportioned to the faithfulness with which this duty is discharged. The Wanderer agrees with the celebrated Doctor Swift, that, when "he sees a great deal of gratitude in a poor man; he takes it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man;" and of consequence he gives no more credit to the one for his generosity, than to the other for his gratitude; excepting only in this, that as the wealthy man has resisted the temptations which riches always carry in their train, his character derives additional worth from the strength of its power of resistance. But even here, the presumption fairly is, that the grateful poor man would resist temptation as well as the generous rich one; the difference is, that one has exhibited proofs of his courage in battle, and the other has had no opportunity to prove it. In America, property not decending to the eldest son, and of course not inherent in families, must necessarily be transient. The youth, who presumes on inheriting a large amount of riches, is too apt to acquire a manner of life, which dissipates it, as soon as obtained. His education often neglected, he associates with bacchanals, and what was acquired without toil is squandered with profusion. Reverses of fortune, even in those cases where property has been hardly earned, by honest industry and prudent calculation, take place in this country more frequently than in any other. As trade and speculation have produced our most wealthy men, those objects are universally regarded as most essentially favourable to the interests of those who engage in them. The maritime towns, of consequence, throng with traders and speculators; want of success, indeed, often disappoints expectation, but success is sometimes the result of calculation. The revolutions in fortune are sudden, and her wheel, whilst it hurls one man into poverty he knows not why, as suddenly raises another to opulence, he knows

not how. This would be sufficient one would think, to control the operation of so disagreeable a characteristick, as the pride of wealth.

But in spite of all the uncertainty attending the possession of riches and all the folly and arrogance of the pride of the purse, nothing is more frequen than the supercilious behaviour of such, as have no other recommendation than their money. This pride is observable in all companies; it is seen in the haughty demeanour of the bank director in the distant civility of the rich shopkeeper, and the careless indifference of the merchant, to those, who often are much their superiors, in power of comprehension, knowledge of general trade, and dignity of virtue. But such instances are not confined to a few individuals, in particular classes of the community; they extend to most rich people, and their influence is felt, in every situation; in the ceremonies of the ball-room, the formalities of visiting, the affectation of the women and the contumely of the men. "When a rich man speaketh every man holdeth his tongue; when a poor man speaks, they cry, *What fellow is this?*"

This universal principle, as it undermines the basis of social harmony, ought if possible to be restrained. Let the arrogant man who has risen from the dregs of society, and has not yet become free from his original taint, be warned not to be too precipitate in his opinions, and violent in their support; but let him be reminded that his father was whipped for theft, or sat upon the gallows for swindling, and therefore more modesty would become him.

That man, who swells with his ideal greatness when he sees a beggar, and marches by him with stateliness, should know, that the man whom he despises is honest though poor, and is his relation though honest.

"Who resides in that splendid mansion?" Listen, and I will inform you. An adventurer a few years ago, the resident in that house, without money and without friends, was a much more deserving, because a much more innocent man, than he is at present. He went into an obscure situation in this city whence by his tricks and impudence he rose suddenly into notice. From connections which soon after this he formed, his fortune increased with his age: but his villany outstripped both: and the present year sees him, master of immense riches, noticed, if not respected, by the powerful and great, and as arrogant and assuming, as if born to an estate, and entitled to insult people by prescription.

Before the house of that man, whom you see at a distance, stands his brother, the driver of a stage. The rich man refuses him his countenance or support; let the poor man be reconciled to his humble situation, by reflecting that his brother, on the velvet seat of his carriage, does not experience the satisfaction which his own rough box affords: The rich man is racked in his conscience and tortured by reflection - the poor man is serene, for he has not committed a crime; and indignant because he is conscious of his own integrity, and his brother's vice: is he despised for his haughtiness? It is not enough; he deserves to be sacrificed for his crimes.

"When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch, to shew their shame the more."

Though people may flatter themselves that this odious pride of wealth may varnish the blemishes of their life, every reflecting man knows that they are deceived; the gloss with

which their outside is covered serves but to draw their intrinsick vices to the surface, and to leave them a bloated spectacle, too horrid to view, and too disgusting to approach.

A.

For the Emerald.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION.

[Among late French writers it has been customary to tincture even works of fancy with those infidel doctrines prevalent during the revolution. Principles of a different kind are however inculcated in the following translation, from one of the lighter productions of that period.]

FRIENDSHIP.

HAPPY is he who finds a friend who is united to him by a conformity of tastes, sentiments and acquirements; a friend who is neither tormented by ambition nor interest; who prefers the shade of a tree to the splendour of a court.—Happy is he who possesses a friend!

I had one.... death snatched him from me; seized him at the commencement of his career, at the moment when his friendship had become necessary to my happiness.—We mutually sustained each other in the painful labours of war;.... we had but one pipe between us, we drank from the same cup, we slept on the same canvass, and amid all the unhappy circumstances we experienced, the place where we lived together was to us a new country. I have seen him exposed to all the perils of war, of a disastrous war: Death seemed to spare us for each other; he showered his arrows around him a thousand times without reaching him, but it was only to render his loss more afflictive to me at last. The tumult of arms, the enthusiasm which expands in the soul at the aspect of danger, might perhaps have prevented his groans from piercing my heart. His death would have been useful to his country and fatal to its enemies. I should *then* have regretted his loss,...but to lose him in the midst of the delight of winter quarters! to see him expire in my arms at a moment when he appeared robust in health, at a moment when our connexion was still strengthening, in repose and tranquillity! Ah! I can never find consolation. His memory too survives only in *my* bosom; it exists no longer among those who surrounded and who have replaced him; this idea renders still more painful to me the recollection of his loss. Nature, alike indifferent to the fate of individuals, restores to spring her brilliant robe, and decks herself in all her beauty near the cemetery where he reposes. The trees are again covered with leaves and intermingle their branches; the birds sing among the foliage; the bees murmur among the flowers; every thing respires joy and life even in the abode of death: and in the evening when the moon glitters in the heavens and while I meditate near this sombre spot, I hear the cricket chant his indefatigable note, concealed beneath the herbage which covers the silencious tomb of my friend. The insensible destruction of beings and all the miseries of humanity are counted as nothing in the great whole. The death of a sensible man who expires in the midst of his weeping friends, and that of a butterfly which perishes by the cold air of morning in the calix of a flower, are two epochs of equal importance in the course of nature. Man is merely a phantom, a shadow, a vapour which is dissipated in air.

But aurora begins to tinge the heavens; the black ideas which agitated me vanish with the night, and hope springs again in my bosom..... No, he who thus sprinkles the east

with light, has not caused it to shine before my eyes to plunge me presently into the night of nothingness. He who extended this immeasurable horizon, he who elevated those enormous masses whose icy summits are now gilded by the sun, is also he who ordained my heart to beat and my mind to think.

No, my friend is not annihilated; whatever may be the barrier which separates us, I shall see him again. It is not a syllogism on which I found my hope. The flight of an insect which traverses the air is sufficient to convince me; and frequently the aspect of the country, the perfume of the air, and I know not what charm expanded around me, so elevate my soul, that an invincible conviction of immortality enters my soul with violence, and excludes from it every fearful doubt.

[The writings of St. PIERRE are well known in this country. His charming novel, entitled Paul and Virginia, has been perused by every sentimental reader, and the Studies of Nature, from which it is extracted, may be found in the library of every scientific scholar. Believing however, that respecting his life and character, little has been hitherto known, we present our readers with the following account, extracted from an English publication.]

JAMES HENRI BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE is a simple, modest man, of great sensibility and true worth. He has been a long time the intimate friend of *Jean Jacques Rosseau;* and, like that illustrious author, showed himself late in life among men of letters. The French Jacobins have spared him, from respect to the great esteem in which he is held by all parties, though his opinions are essentially different from theirs, and though he is well known to favour the cause which they would crush. His gentle temper and love of ease prevented his putting himself among the ranks of such as have opposed the revolutionary frenzy with courage and perseverance. It is principally towards moral sentiment and the improvement of the heart that his studies are directed. He was appointed professor of this species of philosophy at a *new school*, which they wished to establish at Paris, about the year 1796; his instructions in that capacity procured him the most universal applause, but his lectures were not published. He was much solicited to undertake a moral catechism, and worked on the subject a long time, but neither did this performance appear. The deplorable irreligion and corruption France labours under, would render the true principles of morals unacceptable.—*De St. Pierre* is he, whose style has most of that kind of warmth and unction which characterize the works of Rousseau; but he is less eloquent than his master, though sometimes as brilliant as Buffon, who is always more noble and manly. As to the purity of language, and all the nicety of composition, *Bernardin de St. Pierre* is not considered on the continent as the most unexceptionable model. His most esteemed production is a novel, entitled *Paul and Virginia*. His *Studies of Nature*, in France at least, had originally no great success, and are calculated to excite a taste for natural history, without teaching it. His account of the new system of botany is more amusing than instructive. All he advances on general physicks is still worse. The theories, by which he would solve the phenomena of the tides, are palpably erroneous. Many other things, in this voluminous work, merit reprehension; and youth ought not to dip into it till their studies are finished, and their faculties matured. As to his last

publication, *A Voyage to the Isle of France*, commenced at the beginning of the year 1768, and terminated in the year 1772, in which the author professes to give an account of plants and animals, natural to each country, which he had an opportunity of seeing, and also of the soil, both in its improved and unimproved state, with the character of its inhabitants, this performance is unworthy of its author, and such as a sailor would laugh at, or a naturalist throw behind the fire: by the moral philosopher only can it be perused with any degree of pleasure. Let it be recorded, to the immortal honour of *Bernardin de St. Pierre*, that, as a man of strict probity, his labours have all the most virtuous tendency, and inspire not only admiration for the varied excellencies they disclose, but also love for the mind that conceived them. His style, though not a standard of correctness, is elegant and beautiful. He often wants precision, and seems to hold in contempt both logick and metaphysicks; he has many false ideas, and opinions more paradoxical than just; but the ardent philosophy he breathes, and the sentiments of refined humanity he uniformly inculcates, more than atone for his imperfections.

THEATRICAL.

[The following severe remarks on the state of the English stage, extracted from a late London paper, shew that the mania for baby actors and terrific dramas has almost ceased.

THERE never was a dramatick era, if era it can be called, more abundant in nonsense and therefore more disgusting to criticism than the present. A critick must endure either the melo-drama of Mr. Cherry which sets all history at defiance, or the gigantick sublimities of master Betty which defy all reason. He enters the theatre hopelessly, he views the audience piteously, he sees the representation yawningly. He contemplates with a sigh of regret, the stage that has exhibited the humour of a king, the pathos of a Barry, and the electrick universality of a Garrick; a stage that still posseses the plays of Shakespeare, and the judgment of Kemble, and yet does nothing with either. We must wait till next week for more interesting subjects of criticism. Yet what can we expect when Mr. Lewis threatens us with a new tragedy, and master Betty with a new character.

IMPROMPTU.

PRAY what is Master BETTY like,
Who thus the gaping crowd can strike?
He's like another tiny thing—
A watch upon a finger ring.
And though indeed full well we know
All larger watches better go,
Yet as the toy's so light and small,
We wonder that it goes at all.

APOLOGY FOR THE LOQUACITY OF WOMEN.

[*From Smellie's Philosophy of Natural History.*]

"It is a very ancient adage, that nature does nothing in vain. To women she has given the talent of talking more frequently as well as more fluently than men; she has likewise endowed them with a greater quantity of animation, or what is commonly called *animal spirits*. Why (it may be asked) has nature, in this article, so eminently distinguished women from men?—For the best and wisest of purposes. The principal destination of all women is to be mothers; hence some qualities peculiar to such a destination must necessarily have been bestowed upon them: these qualities are numerous—a superior degree of patience, of affection, of minute but

useful attentions, joined to an almost incessant *speaking*.

"Here, however, I must confine my observations to the last conspicuous and eminent accomplishment. To be occupied with laborious offices, which demand either bodily or mental exertions, and not unfrequently both, is allotted the men. These causes, besides their comparitive natural taciturnity, totally incapacitate them for that loquacity which is requisite for amusing and teaching young children to *speak*. But employments of women are of a more domestick kind: household affairs, and particularly the nursing and training of children, are sufficient to engross their attention and to call forth all their ingenuity and active powers. The *loquacity* of women is too often considered by poets, historians, and unthinking men, as a reproach upon the sex. Men of this description know not what they say. When they blame women for speaking much, they blame nature for one of her wisest institutions. Women speak much—they ought to speak much—nature compels them to speak much; and when they do so, they are complying religiously with one of her most sacred and useful laws. It may be said, that some men talk as much as women; granted—but beings of this kind I deny to be men; nature seems originally to have meant them for women, but by some cross accident, as happens in the production of *monsters*, the external *male form* has been superinduced upon the *female stock*."

We doubt whether our fair readers will be proud of their advocate, or even admit his positions.

DR. JOHNSON.

DR. JOHNSON, in the earlier life of both, was on terms of intimate friendship with Mrs. Brooke, the author of Julia Mandeville, &c. When that lady was about to accompany her husband to Canada, the doctor called a few days before her departure, to take his leave of her; on his introduction, he found her in the midst of a large circle of friends, who were assembled for the same purpose; after a short stay, he bade her adieu, and went down stairs. In a few minutes a servant came to inform his mistress, that she was wanted in the parlour: Mrs. Brooke accordingly obeyed the summons, and to her great surprise saw the doctor sitting with much composure in the elbow chair: "Madam," said he, with his usual solemnity, "I did not choose to take so long a leave of so old a friend without giving her a kiss; and, as I did not think it proper to take this liberty before so many people, I sent for you, that I might take a salute without our being liable to any impertinent observation." With great formality the doctor saluted his female friend, and departed.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS
And Original Remarks.

THE Lacedemonians had little regard for Rhetorick, from them is derived the custom of comprising moral sentiments in short sentences. An instance of their aversion from long winded declaimers is happily exhibited in the following anecdote:

One of their allies being in great want of grain sent to them requesting a supply; the ambassador delivered a pathetick harangue, and at the conclusion was told that the latter part was not understood, and the former part forgotten. A second ambassador was sent with orders to be concise, he came to Sparta and displayed his sacks quite empty, they were immediately filled and delivered to him

with advice not to be so prolix on another occasion, for he really had told them it was necessary to fill the sacks.

PLATO was asked what could be gained by telling a lie? Not to be believed, said he, when you speak the truth.

It is more disgraceful to speak falsehood than it is honourable to be noted for veracity. The liar, said a celebrated divine, is a coward before men and brave only to his God. On a certain occasion the oaths of a number of persons were requisite. When PETRARCH appeared with the rest, he was passed by withont being noticed and his oath refused, for, said the magistrates, your yes or no is better than the others' affidavits.

THE WISH.

I've often wished to have a friend
With whom my choicest hours to spend,
To whom I safely might impart
Each wish and weakness of my heart,
Who might in every sorrow cheer,
Or mingle with my griefs a tear,
For whom alone I wish to be,
And who would only live for me;
And to secure my bliss for life,
I wish that friend to be my—wife.

When the Persians under Xerxes invaded Greece, their haughty general sent these words to Leonidas commander of the Grecian forces—"*Surrender your arms*," Leonidas wrote and returned this answer on the same paper—"*Come and take them.*"

There is a habit among people of even very good understanding, of railing at the manners and customs of the age. It is fashionable at the present day, and the following anecdote shows that it was not unfrequent some centuries past. "A youth remarked to Agis king of Lacedemon, that the times had much degenerated; you certainly must be right replied the king, for when I was a child, my father said when he was a child my grandfather said the same thing.

There is a felicity in the manner of Goldsmith, which renders light matters interesting, and gives to weightier concerns an elegance and dignity which command attention: take the following instance.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity and generosity are not in their own nature virtues, and if ever they deserve the title it is owing only to justice which impels and directs them. Without such a moderation, candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity impudence, and generosity profusion.

All philosophy is only forcing the trade in happiness, when nature denies the means. *ibid.*

Kotzebue says there are only four sets of happy persons in the world. Children, madmen, lovers and drunkards.

We hope no fastidious critick will object that by this quotation we intend to promote intoxication as a mean of happiness. It is a general objection to German literature, that remarks thus extensive and dangerous are hazarded without caution.

No radiant pearl which crested fortune, wears,
No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars which nights blue arch adorn,
Nor vernal suns that gild the rising morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that breaks
For other's woes down virtue's manly cheeks.

The following verse of Tasso is admirably descriptive of a modest passion:

'Brama assai, poco spera, e nulla chiede.
Much desired, little hoped, and nothing asked.

ANECDOTE OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

Dr. Goldsmith discovered at a very early period signs of genius that engaged the notice of all the friends of the family, and at the age of seven or eight evinced a natural turn for rhyming. The following instance of his early wit is handed down :

A large company of young people were assembled one evening at his uncle's, and Oliver, then but nine years old, was required to dance a hornpipe, a youth playing at the same time on a fiddle. Being but newly recovered from the small-pox, by which he was much disfigured, and his figure being short and thick, the musician (very archly, as he supposed) compared him to Æsop dancing. He still harping on this idea, which he conceived to be very bright, his countenance was suddenly turned a-propos by Oliver's stopping short and addressing him with this retort :—

"Fiddle hath proclaim'd this saying,
Æsop dancing and his monkey playing."

The smart reply decided his fortune, for from that time it was determined to send him to the university. With this view he was removed to the school of Ashton, and from thence, after remaining two years, to Edgeworthyton, distant about twenty miles from his home.

In his last journey to this school he had an adventure which is thought to have suggested the plot of his 'Mistakes of a Night.' Some friend had given him a guinea, and in his way to Edgeworthyton he had diverted himself the whole day by viewing the gentlemen's seats on the road, until at the fall of night he found himself in a small town named Ardah. Here he enquired for the best house in the place (meaning an inn), but being understood too literally, he was shewn to the house of a private gentleman, when calling for somebody to take his horse and lead him to the stable, he alighted, and was shewn into the parlour, being supposed to be a guest come to visit the master, whom he found sitting by a good fire. This gentleman immediately perceived Oliver's mistake ; and being a man of humour, and also learning from him the name of his father (who happened to be his acquaintance), he encouraged his deception. Oliver accordingly called about him, ordered a good supper, and generously invited the master, his wife and daughters to partake of it, treated them with a bottle or two of wine, and at going to bed, ordered a hot cake to be prepared for his breakfast : nor was it till his departure, when he called for his bill, that he found he had been hospitably entertained in a private house !

A FASHIONABLE MATRIMONIAL BREAKFAST

"Lord——, sober, my dear ;" said her ladyship to her friend by way of introducing him.—"How old do you take my lord to be?" whispered her ladyship as she saw her friend's eye fixed upon the trembling hand which carried his tea-cup to his lips.—"I'll lay you a wager," continued she, aloud.——"I'll lay your birth-night dress, gold-fringe, and yellow laurel wreaths into the bargain, that you don't guess right."

"I hope you don't think of going to this birth-night, my lady!" said his lordship.

"I'll give you six guesses, and I'll bet, you don't come within sixteen years,"—pursued her ladyship, still looking at her female friend.

"You cannot have the new carriage you have bespoke," said his lordship.

"Will you do me the honour to attend to me, my lady."

"Then, my dear, you won't venture to guess," said her ladyship, without honouring her lord with the smallest portion of her attention—"Well, I believe you are right—for certainly you would guess him to be six and sixty, instead of six and thirty—But then he can drink more than any two-legged animal in his majesty's dominions; and you know that is an advantage which is well worth twenty or thirty years of a man's life—especially to persons, who have no other chance of distinguishing themselves."

"If some people had distinguished themselves a little less in the world,"—retorted his lordship, "it would have been as well."

"As well!—how flat?"

"Flatly, then, I have to inform you, my lady, that I will neither be contradicted, nor laughed at—you understand me.—It would be as well, flat or not flat, my lady, if your ladyship would attend more to your own conduct, and less to others."

"To that of others—his lordship means, if he means any thing—*A-propos*—my dear—did you not tell me C—H— is coming to town?—you have never seen him?—Well I'll describe him to you by negatives. He is *not* a man, who ever says any thing *flat*—He is *not* a man, who must be wound up with half-a-dozen bottles of champaign before he can go. He is *not* a man, who, when he does go, goes wrong, and won't be set right.—He is *not* a man whose whole consequence, if he were married, would be so desperately afraid of being governed by his wife, that he would turn gambler, jockey, or sot, merely to show, that he could govern himself."

"Go on, my lady," said his lordship, who had been in vain attempting to balance a spoon on the edge of his tea-cup during the whole of this speech, which was delivered with the most animated desire to provoke—"Go on, my lady—all I desire is, that you should go on—C——H—— will be much obliged to you, and I am sure, no shall I—Go on, my lady,—go on—go on, and you'll oblige me."

"I never will oblige you my lord, that you may depend upon;" cried her ladyship, with a look of indignant contempt.

His lordship whistled, rang for his horses, and looked at his nails with a smile.

Foreign Literary Intelligence.

A complete edition of Drydens works with a life and critical notes, by Walter Scott, Esq. and a superb edition of Junius' Letters were publishing in London at the commencement of the year. Geographical Delineations; or, a compendious view of the natural and political state of all parts of the Globe, by Dr. Aikin, was published at London in January.

Mr. Moore, the translator of the Odes of Anacreon, is preparing for publication, a quarto volume of Epistles, Odes and other Poems, written chiefly during an absence of fourteen months from England.

A volume of Poems by Robert Bloomfield was nearly ready for publication in January.

The family of the late Lord Nelson have selected a gentleman of high respectability to write the life of their illustrious relative.

Mr. Lewis's tragedy of *Adelgitha; or the fruits of a single Error*, is now in rehearsal at Drury-lane. The scenery and decorations will be splendid. Master Betty, Mr. Elliston, Mr. Barrymore and Mrs. Powell have prominent characters.

A new British Theatre containing all the plays now acted, with remarks biographical and critical, by Mrs. Inchbald, and embellished with portraits of authors &c. is now publishing in weekly numbers. Longman and others.

DOMESTICK.

Munroe and Francis of this town have just published a very neat edition of Aikin's Letters to a young Lady, *on a course of English Poetry*.

And Retrospection's pleasing view
Can every present grief assuage,
When mild Benevolence has shed,
Her beams divine on Memory's page.

Thus ever be thy spell destroy'd,
And thus disarm'd thy pointed dart;
And never may thy sceptre wave,
Despotick o'er the feeling heart.

The Village Lass.

SELECTED.

ODE TO SPRING.

GREEN-ROBED Goddess! fair and young,
From Venus and Apollo sprung;
Blue-eyed, lily-bosom'd fair!
With smiling lips, and flowing hair,
Come, with all thy festive hours,
Drest in coronets of flowers,
Such as thy own April flings
From his dew-impearled wings:
Vi'lets, cowslips, and the rose,
That yellow in the meadow grows,
Snow-drops pure, and lilies pale,
That love to linger in the vale:
Come, and from those swimming eyes
Where Cupids lurk, and rapture lies,
Scatter glories o'er the earth,
Such as may awake to birth
Every loitering flower that dwells
Closed within their icy cells.
Hither turn thy buskin'd feet,
Haste, thy Zephyrus to meet,
And with him delighted rove
Thro' every wood and every grove;
Bidding every bird awake
That drooping sits in dell or brake.
Spring! for thee, with looks elate,
The youths implore, the maidens wait;
And every plant, and every tree,
Sighs, and buds, and droops for thee.
See! the lilack longs to pour,
O'er the green earth, her purple shower;
And, waving o'er the fields, behold
The soft liburnum's splendid gold
Swells in vain, and pants to cast
Her blossoms on the sounding blast;
While now the almond, blushing deep,
Wakens from her careless sleep,
And glowing, kindling, waits alone
Thy presence, to proclaim thee known.
Oh! hither haste! for oft I sigh
For April's earth, and April's sky;
I pant to mark thy varied day,
To bless thy smiles, to hail thy sway;
To wander with thee through thy bowers,
Enjoy thy sun, and feel thy showers.

THE ARABIAN MAID'S INVOCATIO TO THE MOON.

PROPITIOUS moon! whose peacef beams
O'er Theban deserts stray,
Sip at the Nile's prolifick streams,
And, midst the whirlwind play,
Attend, and grant a virgins pray'r;
Her timid wishes hear:
Take my Alcanzer to thy care,
His lonely footsteps cheer.

While o'er the desert, dark and wide,
He treads the dang'rous way,
Be thy bright orb his certain guide,
Until returning day.
From where the sanguine lions prowl,
Direct his feet aright;
Nor let the fierce hyena's howl
Add horrors to the night.

Where not a shrub, where not a spire
Of grass is seen to grow,
Where nature breathes destructive fir
And where no fountains flow,
Let thy cool rays refresh the air,
And spicy breezes bring;
And let my lover, by thy care,
Explore the secret spring.

There may he rest on banks of balm,
And from the limpid stream
The burning heat within him calm,
While basking in thy beam;
While round the patient camels kneel,
Forgetful of their toil,
The noon-day blaze no more they feel,
Nor from their loads recoil.

Then shall he gaze with grateful mind,
Upon thy radiant face;
Think on the maid he left behind,
And all his steps retrace:
Till, lull'd by softest scents that move
On zephyrs through the air,
He sinks to sleep, and dreams of love
His slumb'ring visions share.

EPIGRAMS.

SYLLA declares the world shall know,
That he's my most determin'd foe.—
I wish him *wide* the tale to spread;
For all that I from Sylla dread,
Is, lest the knave to serve some end,
Should one day swear that he's my friend.

When first I saw thee graceful move,
Ah me! what meant my throbbin breast?
Say, soft confusion, art thou love?
If love thou art, then farewell rest!